

EVERY FAMILY
SHOULD KNOW THATA very remarkable remedy, both for the
INTERNAL and EXTERNAL use, and won-
derful in its quick action to relieve distress.**Pain-Killer** is a sure cure for Sore
Throat, Croup, Whooping Cough,
Cholera, and all other complaints.**Pain-Killer** is the BEST reme-
dy known for Rheumatism, Gout,
Stiffness, Sore Headache, Pain in the
Back or Side, Neuralgia, and all other
Painful Affections.**Pain-Killer** is unquestionably the
BEST LINIMENT
MADE. It brings speedy and permanent relief
in all cases of Bruises, Cuts, Sprains,
Severe Burns, &c.**Pain-Killer** is the well tried and
tried friend of the
Mechanic, Farmer, Planter, Sailor, and
all who are in need of a medicine always at
hand, and safe to use internally or externally
with certainty of relief.**IS RECOMMENDED**
By Physicians, by Ministers, by Ministers,
by Mechanics, by Nurses in Hospitals,
BY EVERYBODY.**Pain-Killer** is a Medicine Chest in
itself, and for every use.
No family can afford to be without this
valuable remedy in the house. Its price brings
it within the reach of all, and it will annually
save many times its cost in doctors' bills.
Beware of imitations. Take none but the
genuine "PAIN-KILLER."

LEWIS' Ima Calf Shoes.
\$2.50
Elegant Style
Fine Workmanship
Solid Leather.

If you wear a moderate priced Men's
Shoe, why not get great value for little
money?Lewis' \$2.50 Ima Calf Shoes are what
you want. Made of solid leather, with
Lewis' Cork-Filled Soles, they are the
most comfortable shoes known for all
sorts of weather. Stylish, too, and
wonderful wearers.See that you get Lewis' Ima Calf Shoes.
Your dealer knows all about the value,
for he sells them.

For Sale by A. W. Scott.

Pulmonine
CURES A COLD OR COUGH
PROMPTLY.

MILFORD, N. H., Dec. 15, 1894.
THE CUSHING MEDICAL SUPPLY CO.Gentlemen—I have been greatly to my ben-
efit to use Pulmonine, and I can honestly say
I have never seen or used any remedy in my
family, for coughs and colds, equal to it. I
believe it is the best remedy in existence for
throat and lung trouble. I am never with-
out a bottle in the house. Hoping that the
above may contribute towards inducing
some sufferer to seek the relief that the use of
Pulmonine will afford, and that should any
one doubt the genuineness of the statement
they will write to me for its verification,
which I will gladly give.Very truly yours,
B. M. GAY.

For Sale by all Druggists.

PREPARED BY
THE CUSHING MEDICAL SUPPLY CO.,
376 Washington St., Boston.

Call on

N. R. SWITZER

For a nice line of

ASH AND OAK

CHAMBER SETS,

PARLOR SUITS,

COUCHES and

EASY CHAIRS.

Spring Beds and Mattresses.

STRENGTH IN OUR MEDICINES
for you; unless you are a Sallow. If you
are going to take tonics, don't forget that
now is the time of all times of the year to
take them.Take our advice first and our medicine af-
terwards. Then you'll feel like a man—a
100 per cent being—not half right and half
wrong. If you're worse off, better get the
doctor and get a prescription and have us
put it up.On the contrary, if you're up to about 98
per cent, a glass of our soda is all you need
to gain your two points.

DALEY'S, 49 and 51 Railroad St.

Children's Story.

WYNKEN, BLYNKEN, AND NOD.

[No less an authority than Andrew Lang,
says an exchange, has pronounced Eugene
Field's poem, "Wynken, Blynken, and Nod,"
one of the best of the best, child poem in
the English language.]Wynken, Blynken, and Nod one night
Sailed off in a wooden shoe—
Sailed on a river the misty light
Into a sea of dew."Where are you going and what do you
wish?"

The old man asked the three.

"We have come to fish for the herring fish
That live in the beautiful sea."
Nets of silver and gold have we,"
Said Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.The old moon laughed and sang a song
As they rocked in the wooden shoe,
And the wind that sped them all night long
Ruffled the waves of dew.The little stars were the herring fish
That lived in that beautiful sea."Now cast your nets wherever you wish,
But never afared are we—"
So cried the stars to the fishermen three,
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.All night long their nets they threw
For the fish in the twinkling foam,
Then down from the sky came the wooden
shoe.

Bringing the fishermen home.

"Twas all so pretty a sail, it seemed
As if it could not be."
And some folks thought 'twas a dream they'd
dreamed
Of sailing that beautiful sea.But I shall name you the fishermen three:
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes,
And Nod is a little head.And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies
Is a wee one's trunk in olden days.So shut your eyes when mother sings
Of the wonderful sights that be,
And you shall see the beautiful things
As you rock in the misty sea
Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen
three—
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

GOD LOVETH A CHEERFUL GIVER.

Little Peggy Peterkins said this text
over and over to herself, and aloud to
grandma, who was knitting by the
open fire. "Don't make any difference
if I put a penny into my mite-box if I
don't exactly want to, does it?" she
asked. "I should think it did," was
grandma's answer, "all the difference in
the world." "Why, grandma, if the cent
goes into the box, it goes," and here
Peggy gave a decided jerk of her head,
just as if she were putting a cent into the
box and it went hard. "And then," she
added, "it goes to help little heathen
children, if I would rather have candy or
something like that, doesn't it?""Oh, yes, Peggy, it does, but we don't
know how large the blessing is that goes
with it; perhaps all the great blessings
go with the willing, cheerful pennies; it
always seemed to me so." But Peggy
shook her head, and decided that God
couldn't care much if she only put the
penny into the box, notwithstanding her
text said, "God loveth a cheerful giver."Just then little Nathan came into the
room, with his hands and face pretty well
covered with molasses, and a number of
sticks of molasses candy on a tin plate."Dot a tanny party in the kitchen, I
me; an' Rosa an' Harky (the cook); he's
me; eat it all, too"; and he held fast hold
of the plate, and stood in the corner away
from his sister."Please give sister some," Peggy said,
in her most winning tones; "that's a
good boy.""No; Nathan's tanny," said the little
fellow, as well as he could with two sticks
in his mouth; "me eat all tanny.""Just one stick; just one to sister?"
going nearer and nearer to the plate.Nathan shook his head, and placed one
sticky hand over his stock of candy. Some
words followed that were not so kind as
they ought to have been, and then Nathan
picked out the very smallest stick and
gave it unwillingly to Peggy. She sat
down by the fire and ate it; but somehow
it did not taste so very good."Nathan gave you the candy, didn't
he?" said grandma.

"Yes," said Peggy, "but—"

"Is it nice?"

"Yes, pretty nice, not so very."

It was soon eaten, and then Peggy said
her verse once more and shut up her little
Testament, and got out Fanny Maria, a
very smart doll, and began to play, "come
and see."In a few moments her little sister Daisy
came, bringing on a piece of paper two
sticks of candy. "These are yours," she
said. "I made 'em; it's all I made, and
it's all yours, Peggy." The loving smile,
and the way she held out her treat,
touched Peggy's heart."You are just a darling," she said, giv-
ing Daisy a kiss. "It's ever so nice eating
the candy. There was no fun in eating
Nathan's, he was so stingy.""It is the same kind of candy, I sup-
pose?" said grandma."Yes; Harky fixed it for us," said Daisy.
"But I like Daisy's best; it's real good."

"Do you know why?" asked grandma.

"Not exactly."

"Both are made of molasses?"

"Of course, grandma."

"There's something in Daisy's that is
not in Nathan's?"

"Oh, no! they were just alike."

Grandma smiled and shook her head
and said, "Yes, there is. Guess what it
is."They both guessed many things, all very
wonderful when thought of in connection
with candy, and at last gave it up."Daisy put a great deal of her heart
into her candy. Nathan left all of his
out. We all love a cheerful giver, don't
we, Peggy?" asked grandma, looking
into the earnest face before her. Then the
little girl understood her text."God loveth a cheerful giver," and if he
sees your heart going with your mission-
ary penny, he may pick out one of his
large blessings to go with it.—[Little
Helpers.

TWO GENTLEMEN.

One gentleman was little and the other
one was large. The large one was very
tall and very straight. He wore a suit
of fine broadcloth, and in his polished
linen shirt-front a great diamond sparkled
like a star. His boots were of patent
leather, and so bright that you could al-
most see your face in them. He had on
new brown kid gloves, and carried an
elegant silk umbrella with a silver handle,
on which was engraved his monogram.The little one was very short and very
crooked, with a hump on one shoulder
and a limp in his gait. His clothes were
threadbare; his cap was ragged; his
shoes had holes in them; his little hands
were bare and red with cold. He held a
clumsy newspaper bundle in his arms.The two stood side by side upon the
curbstone of a crowded street waiting
for a chance to cross. The little one
looked up at the large one with admira-
tion. "What a fine gentleman," he
thought. Suddenly a poorly-clad old
woman carrying a great basket of
clothes came from the opposite direction.As she neared the sidewalk she dodged
suddenly to avoid a cart that was pass-
ing, and stumbled against the tall gentle-
man, her basket of clothes knocking out
of his grasp the umbrella with the mono-
gram on the silver handle. With an
angry glance and a muttered oath he
gave her a rough shove to one side while
he stooped to recover the umbrella.The little one had seen it all. He threw
down his newspaper bundle, while with
one hand he caught the old woman and
with the other kept her basket from be-
ing overturned in the gutter."You're a gentleman—that you are,"
she said fervently, putting one of her
hands with tenderness on the threadbare
coat which covered the misshapen back.But the tall one did not hear her. He
had crossed the street. And the little
one was surprised.—[Caroline B. DeKor.

THE BOY KING OF SPAIN.

As I write we can look out from
our window facing "the Concha," a
little harbor of the Bay of Biscay,
and note a little ten-year-old boy, in a
blue flannel sailor's suit, playing on
the beach. Above him a cloudless
sky, before him one of the most
charming harbors in Europe. On the
mountains at its entrance, the
lighthouse, watch-towers, bristling
canon, granite fortifications, great
great walls along the precipitous
side. Behind the lad is a little Moor-
ish bathhouse elegantly finished, and
in it are his grandmother, mother
and two young sisters, all dressed in
simple, modest style. Brilliant
statemen, soldiers in scarlet, uni-
forms are around and, just a little
way from shore, a pretty rowboat
and a group of sailors in natty cos-
tume, with white oars in their hands,
ready at any moment for service in
case of any accident to the boy.Do you ask, Who is this child? He
is the same little fellow whose face
appears upon the postal stamps and
upon the silver coin that I hold in
my hand, whose photograph is in the
shop windows of all the cities in
Spain, who when born was gazed
upon by representatives from all
parts of the world, "from the papal
Mexico and the French ambassador
to the ministers of England, Ger-
many, Austria, Italy, Russia and the
United States, even from the Spanish
countries of South America." Can-
non were fired, telegraphic dispatches
were sent from the city of his birth,
Madrid, all over the world. Flags
were unfurled, the bells rang out
wild peals of joy, great cities, all
throughout the peninsula, were alive
with rejoicing. And now, near my
side, is this same little fellow, born
"king of Spain," utterly unconscious
that he is the most important figure
in this great country, upon whose
shoulders is to be placed the responsi-
bility of a great kingdom, rollicking
about gathering seashells, like any
Yankee boy on our south shore.What will be his career, what good
or evil he will accomplish, how he
may effect the country of Europe, is a
problem that the next century
alone can solve.For a little boy to be saluted with
reverence by statesmen and courtiers,
to be watched by a nation, to have
an army of 10,000 march before him
with military bands playing Long
Live the King is an honor no Ameri-
can lad has ever attained, but which
seems to come naturally to Alphon-
so, the Spanish king. The royal fam-
ily live in San Sebastian, in their pal-
ace near us, in the summer. Tomor-
row they return to Madrid. Here
we have met them twice and each
time have received the cordial and
gracious salutation of the queen and
her retinue. We saw her on the
piazza of her pretty Moorish bath-
house, chatting with one of her
courtiers, as modest and quiet in
attire and in bearing as any Ameri-
can lady taking an outing. Without
airs or pretension she saluted those
who stood near in a simple and gra-
cious manner, evidently winning thehearts of her subjects as she stole the
hearts of her American admirers.And to what a kingdom is the child
born! To be the successor of a long
line of illustrious kings, whose reign
has changed the fate of millions, to
administer wisely the affairs of a
realm like Spain, to grant religious
liberty or to prevent free thought are
responsibilities which almost appall
one. Just now the nation is pitifully
poor, and the war in Cuba is strain-
ing its finances to the utmost, and
its choicest young men have been
sent and are daily recruited for the
war. At way stations all along the
way great crowds gather to see
the boys, many of them in their teens,
start off, and the same pitiful sights
of embraces, tears, agony of fathers,
mothers and sisters came before us
in the days of '61-'64 in the United
States. Said a Spaniard to us: "I
met at the club last evening a boy
who was to start for Cuba today.
He ought to have a nurse maid to
go with him." The people are very
sensitive and carefully watch the
action of our country. Even the
young girls in the American mission
school at San Sebastian, with fire in
their sharp eyes, say to the teacher
in geography: "You Americans want
Cuba." "No, we do not; our coun-
try is large enough already." "Yes,
but you don't want Spain to join
Cuba," and then they burst out into a
patriotic song. To be in Spanish
soil is to have our eyes opened as
never before to great questions which
may effect "Our dear native land."—[S. E. BRIDGMAN in The Congrega-
tionalist.

Electric Bitters.

Electric Bitters is a medicine suited
for any season, but perhaps more gen-
erally needed in the Spring, when the
languid, exhausted feeling prevails, when
the liver is torpid and sluggish and the
need of a tonic and alterative is felt. A
prompt use of this medicine has often
averted long and perhaps fatal bilious
fevers. No medicine will act more surely
in counteracting and freeing the system
from the malarial poison. Headache,
indigestion, constipation, and biliousness
yield to Electric Bitters. Only fifty cents
per bottle at Flint Bros. Drug Store.

Marvelous Results.

From a letter written by Rev. J. Gun-
derman of Dimondale, Mich., we are per-
mitted to make this extract: "I have no
hesitation in recommending Dr. King's
New Discovery, as the results were al-
most marvelous in the case of my wife.
While I was pastor of the Baptist Church
at Rives Junction she was brought down
with Pneuonia succeeding La Grippe.
Terrible paroxysms of coughing would
last hours with little interruption and it
seemed as if she could not survive them.
A friend recommended Dr. King's New
Discovery; it was quick in its work and
highly satisfactory in results." Trial
bottles free at Flint Bros' drug store.
Regular size 50 cents and \$1.00.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for Cuts,
Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever
Sores, Tetters, Chapped Hands, Chills, blains,
and all Skin Eruptions, and positi-
vely cures Piles, or no pay required.
It is guaranteed to give perfect satis-
faction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents
per box. For sale by Flint Bros.One afternoon, passing a city church, I
read this announcement on a bulletin
board at the door, "The Pleasant Words
Society will meet at four o'clock." The
"pleasant words" society! Whatever we
think of, however we feel, we may speak
pleasantly, our words and our tones being
in our own control. The effort to speak
pleasantly will usually cause us to feel
pleasant, and it is pleasant to people
who please—who get together and
form societies and clubs. Who ever heard
of a Fault-Finders' Society or a Cross
Words Society? Prettily fault-finders
have to sit in corners alone.—[Harper's
Round Table.

YEARS OF INTENSE PAIN.

Dr. J. H. Watts, druggist and physi-
cian, Humboldt, Neb., who suffered with
heart disease for four years, trying every
remedy and all treatments known to him-
self and fellow-practitioners; believes that
heart disease is curable. He writes:I wish to tell what your valuable medi-
cine has done for me. For four years I had
heart disease of the very worst kind. Sev-
eral physicians I consulted, said it was
Rheumatism of the Heart.It was almost un-
derstandable, with
shortness of
breath, palpitations
severe
pains, unable to
sleep, especially
on the left side.
No pen can de-
scribe my suffer-
ings, particularly
during the last
months of those
four weary years.
I finally triedDr. Miles' New Heart Cure,
and was surprised at the result. It put new
life into me and made a new man of me. I
have not had a symptom of trouble since
and I am satisfied your medicine has cured
me for I have now enjoyed, since taking it
Three Years of Splendid Health.I might add that I am a druggist and have
sold and recommended your Heart Cure, for
I know what it has done for me and only
wish I could state more clearly my suffer-
ing then and the good health I now enjoy.
Your Nervine and other remedies also
gave excellent satisfaction. J. H. WATTS.
Humboldt, Neb., May 9, '94.Dr. Miles Heart Cure is sold on a positive
guarantee that the first bottle will benefit.
All druggists sell it at 6 bottles for \$5, or
it will be sent prepaid, on receipt of price
by the Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.Dr. Miles' Heart Cure
Restores HealthTHE
OWEN
ELECTRIC
BELT

Trade Mark—Dr. A. Owen

FOR MEN AND WOMEN

The latest and only scientific and practical
electric belt made, for general use, producing
current of electricity, for the cure
of all cases that can be readily felt and regu-
lated both in quantity and power, and applied
to any part of the body. It can be worn at any
time during working hours or sleep, and

WILL POSITIVELY CURE

RHEUMATISM
LUMBAGO
GENERAL DEBILITY
LAME BACK
NEURALGIC DISEASES
VARICOCELE
SEXUAL WEAKNESS
IMPOTENCY
KIDNEY DISEASES

WITHOUT MEDICINE

Electrically applied, is fast taking
the place of drugs for all Nervous, Rheumatic,
Kidney and Urinary Troubles, and will effect
cure in seemingly hopeless cases where every
other known means has failed.
Any sluggish, weak or diseased organ may
by this means be roused to healthy activity
before it is too late.
Leading medical men use and recommend the
Owen Belt in their practice.

OUR LARGE ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE

Contains full information regarding the cure
of acute, chronic and nervous diseases, prices,
and how to order, in English, German, Swedish
and Norwegian languages, will be mailed, upon
application, to any address, for 6 cents postage.

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The Largest Electric Belt Establishment in the World

MENTION THIS PAPER.

WOOD. WOOD.

I am now getting in my winter's stock and
will carry the largest in town, and I can
give anyone a good trade for a carload or a
winter's stock.

Orders filled promptly.

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Lunenburg, Vermont.

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year for permanent and transient guests

MRS. E. C. WHITE.

BOSTON & MAINE R. R.

PASSENGER DIVISION.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT, OCT. 6, '95.

Trains Leave St. Johnsbury.

GOING SOUTH.

For Concord, Manchester, Nashua, Lowell
and Boston via White River Junction,
12.30, 9.00 a. m., 12.10 p. m., arriving at
Boston 8.02 a. m., 4.45 p. m. and 7.10 p. m.For Concord, Manchester, Nashua, Lowell
and Boston via Wells River and Plymouth,
1.40 a. m. (daily), 9.00 a. m. and
2.34 p. m. Arriving at Boston, 8.02 a.
m., 4.45 and 8.40 p. m.For Lowell, Falmouth, Northampton, Spring-
field, Hartford, New Haven and New York,
12.30, 9.00 a. m. and 12.10 p. m.For Newbury, Bradford, Northampton and White
River Junction, 12.30 and 9.00 a. m. and
5.55 p. m.For Passumpsic, Barnet and Melndoes,
9.00 a. m., 12.10 p. m. and 5.55 p. m.For Wells River, 12.30, 1.40, and
9.00 a. m., 12.10 p. m., 3.34 and 5.55 p. m.For Montpelier, 9.00 a. m., 2.33 p. m.
For Littleton, at 9.00 a. m., 2.34 and 5.55
p. m.

GOING NORTH.

For Lyndonville and Newport, 2.22 a. m.,
3.15 and 10.50 a. m., 3.10, and 4.27
p. m., 6.35 p. m.For West Burke, Barton and Barton Land-
ing, 3.15 and 10.50 a. m. and 4.27
p. m., 6.35 p. m.For Stannard and Derby Line, Massawippi,
North Hatley, Lennoxville and Sherbrooke,
3.15 and 10.50 a. m., 4.27 and 6.35 p. m.For Quebec via Sherbrooke and Grand Trunk
Ry., 3.15 a. m. and 6.35 p. m.For Quebec via Sherbrooke and Quebec Cen-
tral Ry., 3.15 a. m.For Montreal via Sherbrooke and Grand
Trunk Ry., 3.15 a. m. and 6.35 p. m.For Montreal via Newport and Canadian
Pacific Ry., 2.22 a. m. (daily), 3.10 p. m.D. J. FLANDERS,
Gen. Pass. and Tkt. Agt.ST. JOHNSBURY AND
LAKE CHAMPLAIN R. R.

Winter Arrangement, Oct. 6, 1895.

Trains Leave St. Johnsbury.

GOING WEST.

For Danville, Hardwick, Morrisville, Cam-
bridge Junction, Burlington, St. Albans
and Rutland 7.35 a. m. and 3.20 p. m.For Danville, West Danville, Walden, Greens-
boro, East Hardwick, Hardwick, Morris-
ville, Hyde Park, 7.35 a. m., 3.20 p. m.,
4.35 p. m.For Johnson, Cambridge Junction, Burling-
ton, Fletcher, Fairfield, Sheldon, Highgate
and Swanton, 7.35 a. m. and 3.20 p. m.For Stanbridge, St. John, and Montreal via
East Swanton, 7.35 a. m. and 3.20 p. m.

GOING EAST.

For East St. Johnsbury, North Concord,
Miles Pond and Lunenburg, 2.30 a. m.,
2.45 and 4.30 p. m. (mixed).For Whitefield, Fabyans, Crawford, Glen,
North Conway, Fryeburg, Portland,
Brunswick, Lewiston, Augusta, Waterville,
Bangor and St. John, 2.30 a. m., 2.45
p. m.For Boston via North Conway, 2.30 a. m.,
H. E. FOLSOM, D. J. FLANDERS,
Supt. Gen. Pass. Agt.

MAINE CENTRAL R. R.

Through the White Mountains

To Lancaster, Colebrook, North Conway,<